

The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast
are served together with unfailing regu-
larity in the Best Homes of Richmond.
Is your morning program complete?

The Best Team Did Win

IF ONE thing more than another stands out
of the series of baseball contests for
the world's championship that the Boston Braves,
on their home grounds, brought yesterday to
a triumphant conclusion, it is that the best
team won. In fielding, in pitching, in bat-
ting, in strategy, Stallings's men have demon-
strated their superiority over their rivals.
The Braves were out for blood—and they
got it.

In the first game they took the Athletics
measure and destroyed the confidence that
before had been so valuable an asset. It was
a crushing blow to pride and prestige when
the mighty Bender, like any recruit from
the bushes, was batted out of the box. That
game and its result were the handwriting on
the wall. Few competent critics doubted
thereafter what the outcome of the series
would be.

Refugees

HOW would you like to burn down your
own house to make room for cannon
balls in the air, and then, looking back over
your shoulder at the flames, white-faced,
fearful, penniless, too old or too young to
earn the starvation rations of a soldier,
become a refugee from that land that was
your cradle?

How would you like to be the King of the
Belgians, fleeing into Holland for your life,
perhaps—at least fleeing before a hopelessly
superior force, from imprisonment, possibly
indignity? And how would you like to be
one of the least of his subjects, fugitive with
600,000 others of your little nation, sheltered
for a day or two in Holland, but threatened
with expulsion because Holland could no
longer feed you?

That's the reality of war for the noncom-
batant, underdrawn—Lord, yes, underdrawn!

The Middleman's Protest

IT WAS only the expected that happened
when New York grocers, green and
not-so-green, united in earnest protest against
the city's establishment of free markets. The
city's entirely laudable purpose was the
reduction of the high cost of living, but the
grocers insist that one incidental consequence
has been a serious reduction in their chances
of living at all.

Moreover, they declare that the free-market
plan, as now conducted in the metropolis, is
a large and ornate fraud, of which that un-
fortunate individual, the ultimate consumer,
is one victim and they themselves are others.
They say that short weights and measures
are being sold; that inferior articles of food
are being sold; that cold storage eggs are
being substituted for "strictly fresh," and
that, generally, the guileless seeker of bar-
gains gets a poorly-plated gold brick instead.
It may be so. "Life is made up of one
condemned thing after another," as some
philosopher remarks, and these efforts to get
rid of the middleman never have been at-
tended with much success. He made his
entry some cons before the dawn of civilization,
and he has been on the job ever since.
An expensive luxury, doubtless, and a dis-
agreeable fellow in many aspects, but some-
how we don't seem to be able to get along
without him.

What Will It Profit?

AN authority on strategy estimates that
the Germans or the allies could lose
500,000 men in one terrific action without
losing the whole fight. True, he admits, this
would be a tremendous loss to either side,
but it would not be final, from the strategic
standpoint. He then goes on to say that the
result will be exhaustion, not victory—that
these savages of civilization will fight until
they have dropped and can fight no longer.

A beautiful prospect! And what is the
issue? Boiled down to cold facts, the issue
is expressed in the dollar sign. It is a
gigantic struggle for commercial supremacy,
for territorial control, for treasure and ag-
grandizement. But who will profit, of this
generation? The widows and orphans of the
thousands killed are little interested. If
these savages fight to the point of physical
and financial exhaustion it will take at least
two generations for reconstruction, before
the commercial advantage gained begins to
be realized by the victors. So that all this
bloodshed and huge cost is for the benefit of
posterity, and has no fine principle behind it.
For we must maintain, who think in straight
lines, that the sign of the dollar is not a prin-
ciple, but an ignoble ambition.

Into this struggle Europe is throwing first
her young and vigorous men, then her men
a little older, then her boys and patriarchs.
The nations will be reduced to women and the
masculine remnant, the blood and bone and
sinew of the best having been destroyed. Out
of this masculine remnant must come posterity,
and, permitting imagination to leap bounds
into the possible and beyond the probable,
that remnant will not be best fitted to
repopulate the stricken cities, towns and
farm lands. What sort of a next generation

will it be, with all the best men killed off in
their prime?

This is all dream—all conjecture. Possi-
bly it is far too pessimistic, but there is
enough of reality in it to make one shudder
for the awful days of reconstruction and the
pitiful days when the nations take their cen-
sus of able-bodied men. The astonishing,
astounding fact is that, with all our col-
leges, all our training, all our pretense of
civilization, such a holocaust could come on
millions of people by invitation, without the
slightest hesitation. Nations waste lives and
millions more easily than an individual would
waste a silver dollar. And yet we boast of
reason and souls!

The Importance of Antwerp's Capture

EFFORTS of French and British writers to
minimize or depreciate the importance of
the capture of Antwerp by the Germans are
all futile and foolish. Not only was it a
great feat of arms—the reduction of this
supposedly impregnable fortress after so brief
a siege—but it affords reasonable guarantee
of the German line of communication through
Belgium and releases for the battle line along
the three rivers a considerable force of men
and guns.

If it is followed, as now appears highly
probable, by the capture of Ostend, Germany
will be in possession of a great strip of Bel-
gian coast, and an attack from the north by
a combined British and Belgian force on the
army of General von Kluck, which had been
apprehended, will have been rendered vir-
tually impossible.

But, at the same time, it is well not to take
too much stock in this rehabilitated phrase
that describes Antwerp as "a pistol pointed
at England's heart." As The Times-Dispatch
said on Monday, there is little danger of Ger-
many attempting to invade England, so long
as the British fleet controls the channel and
the North Sea. Antwerp cannot be used for
such an attack without the invasion of Hol-
land's neutrality, as the River Scheldt, which
is Antwerp's outlet to the sea, passes through
that country. The Belgian port, further-
more, possesses no superiority for an attack
on England over Cuxhaven or Heligoland,
already fitted out as German naval bases.

Opinions differ as to where the sympathies
of Holland's ruling classes lie, but if the
Dutch should prove unwilling, the Kaiser will
not risk wantonly a repetition of his experi-
ence with Belgium. The Dutch army num-
bers 300,000 men, and is quite able to offer
effective resistance, for a time at least, even
to Germany's victorious hosts.

Love Insurance Now on the Market

THERE were mighty few risks and hazards
of this life, the world had thought, that
some venturesome person or corporation was
not willing to insure against mischance.
There has been fire insurance, and life insur-
ance, and burglary insurance, and marine
insurance, and casualty insurance, and acci-
dent insurance; insurance against storms and
hurricanes and insurance against disease; but
up to a few days ago nobody had offered to
insure fleeting and inconstant love.

Now the final chasm has been bridged.
The Society for the Promotion of Family
Happiness has been organized and applied
for articles of incorporation. Its objects are
these:

- To aid members in the training and
discipline of their children and to pre-
pare children for the practical duties of
married life.
- To help married couples lead prop-
er lives.
- To prevent differences from arising
between married couples.
- To improve the mentalities of those
about to be married, so that there will
be fewer foolish marriages.

Membership in the society is expected to
guarantee happiness. Among its subsidiary
purposes, according to the veracious New
York Herald, is to aid "in granting amnesty
to husbands and heads of families who have
run away from the high cost of living and
loving." The distinction the Herald makes
between "husbands" and "heads of families"
implies a delicate tribute, it is likely, to the
feminist movement. But let that pass. It is
enough we are to have some agency that will
make love perpetual and every marriage an
unending dream of bliss. Whatever premium
is charged will not be too high.

An Epoch in a Railway's Life

THE Southern Railway marked an epoch in
its life history at the meeting of stock-
holders held here yesterday. Election to the
directorship of John K. Branch, of Richmond;
President Edwin A. Alderman, of the Univer-
sity of Virginia; Bishop John C. Kilgo,
of North Carolina, and Robert Jemison,
of Birmingham, evidenced the management's
purpose to make the road true to its name.
The majority of the board now are Southern
men.

It is worthy of note that these changes in
the personnel of the board accompany the
resumption by the stockholders of the com-
pany's control, which for some years has
been vested in a voting trust. The meeting
was open to the public, there was a consid-
erable attendance, and discussion of the report
of President Harrison was free and exhaustive.
Two of the new directors succeed George F.
Baker, Jr., of New York, chairman of the
board of the First National Bank, and Judge
E. H. Gary, chairman of the board of the
United States Steel Corporation, who had de-
clined re-election because of the growing
public sentiment against interlocking direc-
torates.

The whole spirit and atmosphere of the
meeting and of President Harrison's report
were redolent of the new theory of corporate
management, which has its basis in publicity
rather than secrecy, in responsibility rather
than evasion. It is a matter for Southern
pride that this great agency of Southern
commerce and trade should keep itself in the
van of progress and of modern thought.

Some of the tired Progressives, who have
wandered in the political wilderness until
their shoes are worn out announce they are
going to rejoin the Republican party and try
to reform it. That certainly is like the grass
widow's second marriage—the triumph of
hope over experience.

"Turbans still hold their own," announces a
fashion note. With present styles in hair
dressing, they usually hold a few strands that
are not their wearer's own—except by right
of purchase.

The State Department's decision that cot-
ton is not contraband came just in time. It
had begun to look as though the staple would
start a war right here at home.

Various journalistic war experts now pre-
dict that Italy soon will join the allies. They
may even be right—for once.

It must be admitted that when it comes to
picking pitchers Stallings, of Boston, knows
what he is about.

SONGS AND SAWS

What Will Teddy Do?

Oh, what will Teddy Roosevelt do?
And what will Teddy Roosevelt do?
Now that Progressives, once true-blue
Flee fast across the way—
For sake the straight and narrow path
And join the faithless men of wrath—
That he's been wont to flay.

Oh, what will Teddy Roosevelt say?
And what will Teddy Roosevelt say?
He can't forget that awful day
He has such cause to rue,
When he, unwillingly, was led on
The skirts that ran to Armageddon
And to Salt River, too.

One thing, we know, T. R. will say—
And say it with a vim—
That those who take the primrose way
And leave his warriors grim
Should with old Ananias stand
And lead the Ananias band
In its unholy hymn.

Yes, that at least T. R. will say
Of those who strive to break away.

The Penitential Says:
If the Simplified Spelling Board would only
devote its energies to some of these Russian
and Galician names it would do a whole lot
for the cause of peace in this country, at any
rate.

For Distinguished Gallantry.
He—Have you heard of the man
that Miss Oldgirl is going to marry?
She—Not yet, but as soon as I do I am going
to recommend him to the Carnegie Commission
for a hero medal.

Ambiguity.
They were wandering down the moonlit path
arm-in-arm.
"Darling," she whispered, tenderly, "will you
marry me when I am far away?"
"Miss you?" he responded, with fervent em-
phasis, "Why, when you are away I shall miss
you so much I never will be able to find mis-
sion, no matter how hard I hunt for it."
And she was content.

Changed About.
How have the mighty fallen!
How do the meek arise!
Athletes in the cellar
And the Braves up in the skies!
THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

"We do hope Brother 'Chats' wasn't respon-
sible for that editorial in The Times-Dispatch
recently, urging the study of Spanish in our
schools," the incorrigible Lacy remarks in his
Halifax Gazette. What's he got agin the Span-
ish since the war's over. Quies sabbat?

The ever-cheerful Men Fisher, of the ever-
sunny Eastern Shore Herald, offers this sug-
gestion to his fellow countrymen: "Would it
not be a fine idea for all our farmers to have
a distinctive name for their farms? When asked
where you live, instead of saying 'about blank
miles from Eastville,' or 'about the farm of Mr.
Dash,' why not have a name for your own place,
such as 'Maple Grove,' 'Shady Lawn,' and so on?"
Why not also advise us what we shall answer
to those automobile fellows whose cars are some-
times towed into town from the roads around
the Herald's neighborhood, and who persist in
telling us that it happened near that dashed
Eastville.

Evolution and revolution in Mexico are thus
summed up by the Pauquier Democrat: "Per-
petual Motion: Madero chased Diaz out; Huerta
kicked Madero; Carranza and Villa kicked
Huerta to Europe, and now Villa wants to give
Carranza the boot." All that remains to be ac-
counted for is the booty that goes with each
change.

Says the Hanover Herald: "Everybody is
called upon for a suggestion what to do with the
surplus cotton. Feed it to the goat." Undesirable,
if not impracticable. Glut the goat with cotton
and how could we dispose of the accumulating
supply of old tin cans?

The Danville Register is neither kind nor
graceful in designating Richmond as "An Affili-
ate Refuge," under which caption its editor man-
ualizes, philosophizes and surmises. The false
hypothesis upon which he reasons, however, is
so palpable that who runs may read. He says:
"Richmond is a refuge for the poor, for the
last twelve or eighteen months we recall at
least two cases in which a man had run away
with another man's wife and located in the Vir-
ginia capital." Proves nothing except that Rich-
mond, like all rich, prosperous and rapidly de-
veloping centres of population, must pay the
penalties of metropolitanism. Naturally, every-
body wants to come to Richmond. The sun shines
everywhere on the just and the unjust alike.

From the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot: "Cotton is
a King in the South. The temporary trouble he is
in comes of his trying to be an absolute mon-
arch. His title and his throne are in no danger
if he will only use his dominion wisely and ac-
cord to other members of the royal family, the
Princes Corn, Hay and Cattle, a proper amount
of recognition." Get back to democracy! Cotton
is not a King. Cotton is "the goods." Kings may
be all right in their own realms, but what's do-
ing in Europe shows that between themselves
they don't think so. Besides, there is ample rea-
son to harbor a belief that when the cruel war
is over the kinging industry, even in Europe, will
not continue to flourish with its pristine vigor.

Current Editorial Comment

Business
Now Is
Looking Up

He who looks abroad with
unjaundiced eyes will have no
trouble in discovering several
signs of improvement in the
financial and commercial condi-
tion of this country. One of them
is to be found in the fact that cotton, which
rather a free movement of cotton, which itself
must have the effect of liberating money and
credit, prices hold pretty well. They are rather
higher now than they were three or four days
ago, which fact is evidence that the world is
coming to understand that the position of the
cotton States is not so defenseless as the antics
of the politicians naturally suggest. Even a
still more hope-giving sign is the gradually
lowering rate of foreign exchange, as quoted
in New York. This means, of course, that by
the shipment of goods, largely cotton, we are
restoring our credit balances in Europe. The
reduction in the rate of exchange is evidence
of a growing number of international accounts
which show the balance to be on the side of
this country. This diminishes the danger of
great drafts being made on our gold supply,
and as that menace recedes the financial insti-
tutions of this country will be more liberally
disposed toward those who need credit.—Dallas
News.

Terrible
Cost of
World War.

The war of Napoleon in thir-
teen years cost France \$1,000,-
000,000. Our Civil War expendi-
ture of the Federal government
amounted to \$2,400,000,000, or
nearly thirteen times as much
as Napoleon's. The Franco-German War
cost France \$1,500,000,000, besides an added war
indemnity of \$1,000,000,000. This same great
war, which lasted only 100 days, cost Germany
\$450,000,000 for an average fighting force of
1,350,000 men. The other big European war of
the past half century, the Russo-Turkish
War, cost Russia \$788,140,000, but she had two
years fighting for her money. The war in the
Far East, cost Japan \$650,000,000, and Russia
\$723,000,000, not counting lost ships. Only
toward the end had either side anything like
a million men in the field. Italy's little war

with Turkey cost \$400,000 a day, allowing for
a mere 60,000 fighting men; and the Boer War,
in which England's army averaged 300,000, cost
\$1,055,000,000 in two and a half years.—Leslie's
Weekly.

"Perfumed
Collars"
Newest Fad.

As one who hunts lions may
be supposed to acquire an inti-
mate knowledge of the habits of
the king of beasts, it is reason-
able to assume that Senator Reed,
as the pursuer of trusts and
trust magnates, is an authority on the ap-
pearance of the latter. In a recent debate on the
Clayton anti-trust bill, Mr. Reed attacked
that measure in the present shape as without
any value. One of his assertions was that the
rude sheriff or Federal marshal can lay his
calloused hands on the perfumed collar of a
trust magnate. Of course, a United States
Senator is an honorable man, and Mr. Reed
would not attribute to trust magnates the
habit of wearing perfumed collars on mere
hilarity. He comes from Missouri, a State
whose people must be "shown," and therefore
he must have seen these remarkable collars, the
use of which, after the manner mentioned,
by trust magnates. Perfumed collars, how-
ever, of us have ever seen or ever even thought
possible, but in Missouri they may wear articles
of men's attire that are in advance of the
fashions of the East.—Boston Transcript.

War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Daily Dispatch, Oct. 14, 1864.)

At an early hour yesterday morning our
cavalry pickets were driven in by a heavy
body of Federal cavalry, who crossed the
Dartmouth Road, about seven miles from Rich-
mond, and made a demonstration upon our left
flank. In order to guard against this move-
ment, and at the same time carry out our
diversion, the enemy's infantry moved up in massed
columns immediately in our front and charged our
earthworks. Their rapid progress was arrested
by the thick abatis, which had been felled to
a distance of 150 yards from our intrenchments.
Here, while in these entanglements, they were
opened upon by a portion of Major-General
Frederick's Division, comprising the lamented
Irish old brigade. The fire was so galling
that the enemy fell back in disorder. Rallying,
they endeavored to press through the obstruc-
tions, when they again met the terrible hail
from the rifles of the revengeful and sur-
eimed Texans and others of our brave men,
and, after a short but bloody struggle, they
turned face backward and dragged off their
mangled and howling squadrons to their camp-
dens. Our loss was very slight as a whole, but
another good and brave officer has fallen, Major
William M. Jones, of General Field's staff, was
shot dead by a single ball.

Major-General Fitz Lee, the gallant officer,
is able to appear on the streets again, though
he is still weak from his confinement and his
wound. We can ill spare him from the field,
and his command will gladly welcome him
back.

We have information that the enemy are
preparing an expedition from the neighborhood
of Dutch Gap to make a boarding attack on
some of our gunboats. We are all ready.

The venerable Archibald Pleasants, for many
years a member of the old and highly re-
spectable firm of Balston & Pleasants, and one
of the oldest inhabitants of the city, died sud-
denly of apoplexy, at his residence, No. 10
of the gold market in New York (on the 10th).

General Burbridge has sent to Mr. Stanton
his official report of his recent raid from Ken-
tucky into southwestern Virginia, and it is
a most specimen of unblushing lying.

Several days ago a British steamer, the Vir-
ginia, from Liverpool, brought a cargo of cotton
of over 2,000 bales into the port of New York,
a large portion of which was grown in the East
Indies, shipped to England, and reshipped to
America. This is where the cotton run out of
Williamson, N. C., gets to at last.

On Friday afternoon a colored girl named Ellen, charged with steal-
ing \$5,000 in Confederate money from Julius
Bear.

In the Confederate States District Court yes-
terday only one case was taken up, that of
James H. Pollard, claiming exemption from
military duty. The argument for the petitioner
and the government was delivered, but the judge
deferred his decision.

D'Orsay Ogden, late manager of the Rich-
mond Theatre, is safe in New York. It will
be recollected that Ogden left this city about
two weeks ago, via the Fredericksburg Rail-
road route, succeeded in reaching Milford
Depot before he was approached about a year
ago. He was placed under arrest, and the train
started back to this city, having him on board.
While the train was en route, Ogden, who was
in the car, was seen to jump out of the window,
and while the car was under full headway, he
jumped out and baffled all pursuit.

The Voice of the People

Letters to the Editor should not be over
250 words in length, and the name and ad-
dress of the writer must accompany each
communication. No content will be pub-
lished, but as an evidence of good faith, the
name of the writer, and the address, on one side
of the paper, and the initials on the other,
letters concerning the European war will not
be published.

Wants City to Acquire Park.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—While every other section of the city has
its public park, the Southside has no free place,
space. The city should own Forest Hill Park.
This property is so held by its provisional own-
ers, the street railway company, that it can be
acquired, no doubt, at very small cost. If, indeed,
the railway company would not transfer it, gra-
tuitously. The sale contract under which the
company acquired it prohibits it from being used
for any other than park purposes. The land
cannot be put up and sold as building lots. The
railway company can profit by it only as a park
that attracts passenger traffic.

Probably no other city in America would have
so long overlooked the opportunity this pre-
sent beautiful and picturesque park property in
the United States. Expert engineers who have
out the park some years ago pronounced Forest
Hill, with its magnificent groves of oaks, its
picturesque lake, picturesque glades and dells and
its twenty springs of clear, sparkling lithia
water, the finest natural park in the United
States.

Forest Hill Park was leased to an amusement
company several years ago, but might be ac-
quired by the city at small expense. Colonel
J. H. Livingston, the owner of the amusement
company holding the lease, indicated his will-
ingness more than a year ago to release the
property if the railway company desired to
transfer it to the city.

With the growth of Richmond, this
park property must inevitably be taken over by
the city. Why not now?
Richmond, October 12, 1914.

America for Me!

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in
the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in
her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great
to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place
like home.

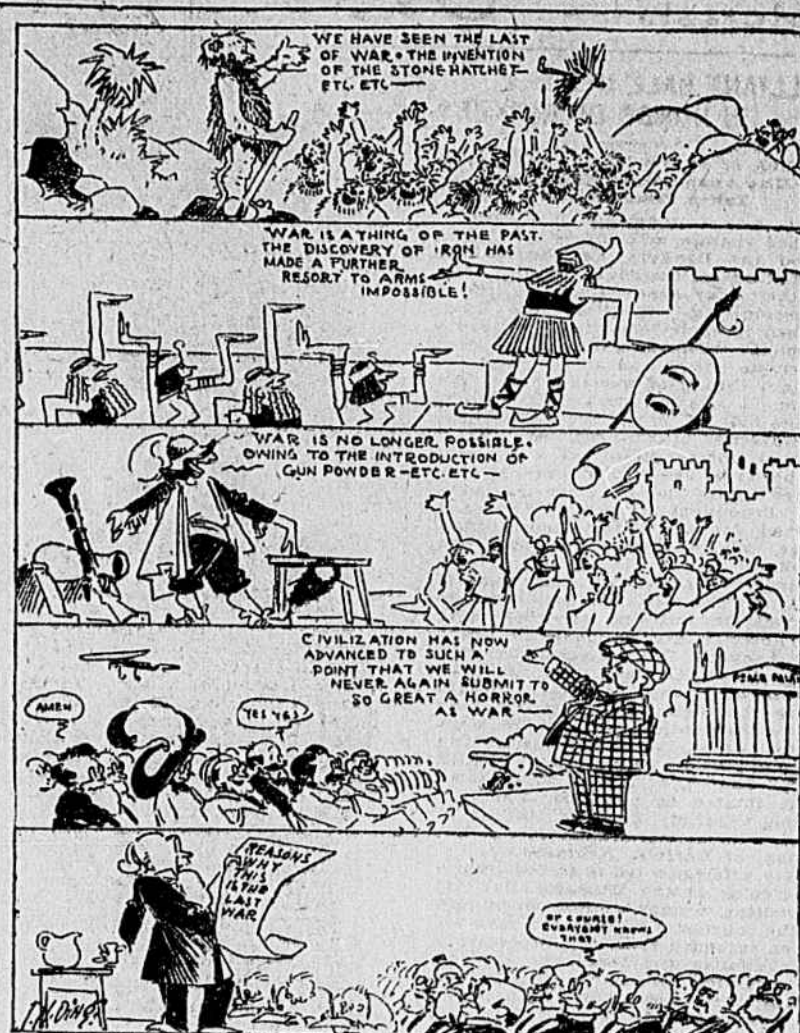
I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something
seems to lack;
The past is too much with her, and the people
looking back;
But the glory of the present is to make the
future bright;
We love our land for what she is and what she
is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America
for me!
I want to gain that westward-bound to plow the
rolling sea;
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond
the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag
is full of stars.

—Henry van Dyke.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS



—From the Des Moines Register and Leader.

BATTLEFIELD ACTUALITIES

PARIS, October 5.—A photographer who has been on a tour of the battlefields, making pictures, has written the following account of what he saw:

I arrived at Crecy about 10 o'clock on Wednesday night, by bicycle from Paris, which, with a companion, I had left at 10 o'clock that morning. The previous day there had been an advance guard affair between the British and the German cavalry, which was silent in the latter being driven out of the town, where the British were in occupation when we arrived.

Next morning very early we mounted our bicycles and started off in the direction of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, in perfect weather. Half an hour's pedaling brought us to a little village, St. Blainville, where we encountered the first signs of German war-making in France. The village street was silent and deserted. We halted outside the only cabaret (tavern) in the place. The shutters were up. The door was closed and remained closed to our knocking. Peering through the window, we saw a woman standing in the doorway, a pale, thin woman, looking very much the worse for an old woman on a couch. At our cry of "Anglais!" the younger woman opened the door. To our request for anything to drink, she made a mute gesture of despair. She led the way into the house.

A scene of destruction met our eyes. The little narrow room had been ransacked. The rows of bottles on shelves against the long bar had been smashed. Amid this scene of desolation, the woman, wife of the innkeeper, who was with the French army, told me her simple story:

Three days before a squadron of German cavalry, with a couple of officers, arrived in the village. They went to the cabaret. The officers ordered drinks, and walked out without saying, and the men followed their example. After the first drink, everything at the bar they demanded champagne, and when there was none, as the woman told us, she had none of the old mother had no champagne. They drank and drank, and then leveled revolvers, with which they could from the tasks, took away painfully of the wine they did not drink and broke up the remainder of the cash, leaving the woman's fearful lamentations. Next morning, after the destruction, the soldiers killed all the fowls the woman kept, cut off her water supply and finally carried off all her money and her few valuables.

A column of British soldiers arrived after the Germans had left. In accents of warmest gratitude she told me how the British officers, finding that the women had no food, had practically starving, sent soldiers with ample supplies of biscuits and bully beef, and offered them money, which they would not accept. Of their own accord the soldiers restored the water connection and laid in a fresh supply of firewood.

Outside the village we fell in with two British officers in a motor car. One of them had a face familiar to me. Then I remembered where I had last seen him. It was at the House of Commons. The officer was Sir Mark Sykes, M. P., who was on the road with dispatches.

We passed on through innumerable French villages, sad and silent, all showing signs of destruction; here and there an old man musing at his door, or a group of frightened children feeling at our approach, with now and then a knot of dumb peasants laboriously burying dead horses. Towards evening we were cycling up the long slope leading to the village of Signy-Signettes, where the old mother had been killed.

I caught my eye. It surrounded the cross grave dug on the hillside under the shadow of a haystack and quite close to the road. It was the first British grave I had met. There was an indescribable solemnity about the spot, a resting place of this British soldier, whose name and regimental number a friendly hand had rudely scrawled on a little cross of wood.